

CHARACTER  
OF A  
TAVERN.

With  
A brief draught of a  
DRAWER.



LONDON,  
Printed for D. A. 1673.

REF ID: A94410

REVENUE



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THE  
Character  
OF A  
TAVERN, &c.

**A** Tavern is an Academy of Debauchery, where the Devil teaches the seven deadly sins instead of Sciences, a Tipling-School a degree above an Ale-house, where you may be drunk with more Credit and Apology, 'tis the Rendezvous of Gallants, the Good Fellows Paradise, and the Millers Torment, who sit here in fear of his Life because of the shot; A Map of the World, where all humours are drawn in Epi-



rome, and the best Theatre of *Natures* and *Dispositions*, which are here truly *Ased* not *Flaid*; A melancholly man may find matter enough to divert him, to see *Heads as Brittle as Glasses*, and as often broken, to observe men both come hither to *Quarrel*, and come hither to be made *Friends*, so that if the *smile* were not already worn thredbare, I would call it *Telephus's* Sword that both makes wounds and cures them.

'Tis an Engine of the largest size, for draining the Pocket, the common Consumption of the Afternoon, and the maker away of a Rainy day; a *Torrid Zone* that scorches their Faces that long inhabit it, whilst *Tobacco* is the *Gun-powder* that blows them up, so that much danger were to be dreaded if the *Charitable Vintner* should not have store of *Water* ready to allay these *Flames*; *House of Sin* you may call it, but not a *House of Darkness*, For the *Candles* are seldom out, and it is like those *Countries* near the *North-Pole*, where 'tis as clear at midnight as at mid day.

'Tis a *Bedlam* of *Wits*, where men wate rather *mad* than *merry*, here one breaking a *Jest* on the *Graver*, or perhaps a *Candlestick* or *Bottle* over his *Crown*, there another repeating scraps of *old Plays*, or some *Bawdy Song*, this speaking *Latine*, and a fourth *Noisance*, whilst all with loud hooring and laughing contend the noise of *Fiddlers*, who are properly call'd *Drummers*, for no *Musick* can be heard for them; 'Tis a *Ba-*

bel of Voices, a Gallimans fry of Opinions, and an Hodge Podge of Nations, you shall hear one talking very gravely of Religion, and another Ranting, and swearing Damme, and Sink mee, at the same instant, parties of different Sexes and perswasions will meet here, and be sociable though not at Church; And below in the Cellar you shall see the French and the Spanish, with the Natives of the Rhine (notwithstanding the present Wars between them) lye quietly altogether.

As you come in to shew that you are going to a Tryal of your Lives, you must first appear at the Bar, where Madam Minks with her Head behung with as many Toys as their Busb, sits like the Goddess Semel (Mother of Bacchus) under her all-commanding Canopy, Casting the Novelties of your Estates in strange Egyptian Hieroglyphicks and Trithemian Characters; And finds by the Horoscope of the Board, and frequent Ill Directions of Score in the Half Moon, That your Fortunes are short-lived, and your Purse declining into an Irrevocable Consumption; Next the Blw Apron'd Captain of this Inchant'd Castle comes into view, you wou'd take him for a Hoghead set on two stumps, and mov'd by Scrues or Clockwork, for his Belly is big enough for a Papish Limbus, yet coming nearer, you may discern somewhat like that which in Men they call a Face, but broader then the Pewter Platter in St. Johns finger, and studded and embost all over with vices Heraldry.

In the midst of which his Nose blazes like a Comet, and infallibly pretends drought: He thinks nature gave him a Mouth, not so much to speak, as to drink off his Liquor, For that is the main use he puts it to, and of all the miracles that ever Christ did, he thinks none so meritorious, as the turning Water into Wine, which he himself often endeavours to imitate.

These Animals we must pray, intreat, crave, beseech, and implore for a Bottle that's neat and brisk, and Racy, and at last go without it, unless we bribe Death's Emissaries, those Dregs and Lees of Mortality, your yauling, impudent, saucy, nimble-tongued *A-non-a-non* Sirs, to whom once more you must beg as heartily as a Condemn'd Man does for a Reprieve, That they would graciously be pleased not to poison you at your own charge; Indeed there is scarce a Pint of that wholesome and right drank, which the Guests do not twice pay for, first to the Drawer, and then to the Master, and there is more Wine vendid in a year, in this one overgrown City, under the notion of Canary, than the whole Canaries produce; But there lies the Excellency and Mystery of the Trade, he that is best at Brewing and Balderdashing Wines is most esteemed, and this they call managing a Cellar, the end of which is to cheat Mens Palates, and the effect to destroy their Bodies: The *Pharmatopeia* of a Mountebank, or the Quackeries of Moor-fields, befriend not the Grave-makers, so much as these Squires of the Spigot do; for Pandora's Box never gave vent to the Tyth of



of those mischiefs that are broached with a P<sup>p</sup> of sophisticated Wine, which makes me fancy when ~~any~~ King for the Boy to fetch rother Pint, that I hear the passing bell of those that send for it. And when the play-mouth'd Rascals cry, *D'ye call Sir*, Methinks it seems like *Charons* Voice summoning us to his Ferry-boat: To hear them baulc out their Hypocritical welcome, the Satyr would as much wonder as at the Man, that blew hot and cold: For they welcome when you go in, and welcome when you go out, and yet 'tis not you are welcome at all, but your Money.

Nor is it only with their Cups (like *Circe*) that they inchant us, they can help you to a dainty morsel too at *Luculluses* price; Their *Fricacies* and *Phagons*'s, Dishes you must pay four times over for. *First*, for the meat. *Secondly*, for dressing. *Thirdly*, for sauce. And *Fourthly*, for the hard name; When they provide you a Dinner, you were better keep open house all *Christmas*, their Extravagant Treats in the great Chamber, leave only to debauch the Hospitality of private Families, and are most effectual decoys, where a young Bridegroom many times spends half his Wives Portion for the conveniency of Dancing and Fiddles; Let the Room be never so neat when you come in, after a little sitting, It becomes like the street after a dashing shower, where the *Sports* are flushing above, and the *Conduits* running below, whilst the *Jordans* like swelling Rivers over-flow their Banks, and the Urine drops

drops through the Ceiling into the mouth of him that sits under;

In brief, a Tavern is a Scene of Confusion; A Gulf to swallow up a Mans Money, and his time, which is yet more pretious; a Nursery of Extravagancy, and a necessary place for Assignations between Crack's and their Callies.

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**FINIS.**



